The Paper Mario Girls Get Spanked
By Yu May

[Note: this is a silly tie-in spanking story to my fan fiction *Bowsette's Princess Lessons: Partners for Life*. In the story, the partner characters from Paper Mario and Paper Mario: TTYD meet in a hotel, and decide to divide into boy and girl rooms for the night. The girls discuss plans to spy on the boys, but Goombella and Sushie shoot down this idea. This story imagines what would happen if they actually went through with the plan to peep on the boys. It's therefore not canon, just a what if.]

Goombella was tempted to volunteer for the mission to peep on the boys herself. In the end, her nobler side lost. "All right! I'm in!" she boomed.

"That's an overwhelming majority!" squeaked Ms. Mowz.

The girls all collapsed into fits of giggles, before Sushie puffed up in rage. "That's enough! Really, the very idea! Some of you girls need to act your age. There are children present!" Sushie pointed a fin emphatically at Watt and Goombaria.

"It sounds like a bit of harmless fun to me!" pouted Goombaria.

Watt, who was a bit impressionable, sucked her lollipop pensively. "Maybe just a quick peek?"

"Ooo!" Sushie was so steamed, she was at risk of cooking, and no longer being sushi. Hopping off her water bed, she slapped each of the older girls across their backsides with a fin, each in turn.

"Yow!" yipped Goombella in surprise as she felt the spank. As the mother of an entire school of fish, Sushie had mastered the art of the rapid-fire machine gun spank technique. Before they knew it, Vivian, Madame Flurrie, Koopie Koo, and Lady Bow each got a spank in turn.

Lady Bow blushed as she felt the smack. Although she was a ghost, her transparent backside was still solid enough to be spanked. "Boo hoo! But, Sushie! I was only joking! I was never really planning on spying!"

Sushie sniffed, "Good! That was just for thinking about it. Woe betide you if I catch you actually doing it!"

Ms. Mowz spotted the trouble, and tried to dart to a mousehole, only for Sushie to catch her by the tail, lift the mouse thief up, and deliver three sharp slaps to Ms. Mowz's behind. "And that's for instigating! Now, the whole lot of you girls get to bed. If I hear any more of this Peeping Tom silliness, I'll be handing out real spankings next!"

Each of the spanked girls hung their head, feeling censured, before Madame Flurrie let out a hooting laugh. “Serves us all right! Quickly girls, to bed. I don’t fancy facing Mrs. Sushie’s wrath!”

As the lights went out, Goombella snuggled up cozily in her bed. After dealing with Bowser’s surprise attack, it had been a long day, and she was ready for rest. Then she heard Vivian’s hushed voice next to her. “Psst! Goombella! I think everyone else is asleep…”

“What’s up, Vivian?”

“Were you really going to do it? Try to help me peep on the boys?”

“Well, I was mighty tempted, but I’m not sure I want a spanking from Mrs. Sushie!”

Vivian giggled. “Only if we get caught! But what was your plan? Lady Bow and I could do it easily, but you can’t pass through walls. I know you. If you volunteered, you must have had a plan!”

Goombella listened carefully. Sure enough, she was surrounded by snores. Goombella sat up and reached for her travel pack. “Ms. Mowz mentioned the air vents. I was going to creep through them.”

“But you’re too big!”

Goombella pulled out a mini mushroom. “Not with this, I’m not!”

Vivian’s shining yellow eyes went wide. “Oh my goodness! So you really were planning to go through with it? But, Goombella, do you really think we should?”

Goombella pressed the mini mushroom to her lips. On the one hand, the idea was so naughty. On the other hand, the idea was *so* naughty. “Let’s do it, Vivi!”

After Goombella had swallowed the mini mushroom, Vivian lifted her up to the air vent, and Goombella was able to slip in easily, followed by Vivian. Instantly, Vivian blended into the shadows of the air vent, her face seeming to float in mid air. Making their way left, Goombella knew that the boys’ room was only a few feet away, although it felt like 100 yards at her tiny size.

A small crack of light was ahead of her, and Goombella could make out noises. Were all the boys still up at this hour?

Craning her neck, Vivian peeped out the crack in the air vent. High above the boy’s room, she could make out everything below her easily. First she noticed Goombario, dressed in Mario-themed pajamas, just like his little sister Goombaria had mentioned. Kooper had donned

a tasteful two-piece sleepwear, bearing the greek letters of Koopa Tech's Archaeologist Fraternity.

Koops, in contrast, was pulling off his customary hoodie to throw on a robe, bearing the name of his boxing club. Goombella and Vivian swallowed the lumps in their throats as they caught sight of Koops' toned abs. "He's been working out," whispered Goombella.

Vivian nodded, blushing. "Koopie Koo is a lucky gal!"

"Maybe I should steal him from her!" added a third voice, from behind them.

Vivian and Goombella held their mouths tight shut to suppress their screams. As they turned around, Vivian bumped her hat against the top of the air vent. Ms. Mowz had snuck up behind them!

Below them, they heard the boys pause their chit-chat. "What was that?" squeaked a young Yoshi's voice. Goombella shivered as she recognized it as her old friend, The Great Gonzales Jr.

"Probably just some mice," added Goombario's voice, nonchalantly.

"No problem, dudes. I can check it out real quick," added Spike the Lakitu.

Goombella looked left and right for a hiding place. There was only a long, empty vent in either direction. She was trapped! As Spike reached for the air vent, Goombella felt something snatch her across the chest, and suddenly she was hidden in darkness. The vent opened and Spike's face appeared at the vent. "Huh, I can't see anything in here!"

"Um, try taking off your sunglasses, maybe?...If that's cool," added Koops, hesitantly.

"Oh yeah! A most excellent suggestion, dude! I keep forgetting I'm wearing these things," Spike whipped off his sunglasses, and peered directly at Goombella. Then, he shrugged and closed the vent. "Nothing, dudes!"

Admiral Bobbery's voice huffed and puffed. "Did you look carefully? Ever since I saw that vent, I've been thinking all night that Ms. Mowz might try to sneak up on us as a little prank."

"I was super careful, your admiralness!"

"Though, I suppose if Lady Bow wanted to peep on us, there would be nothing we could do to stop her!" added Parakarry the Parakoopa.

Kooper laughed heartily. "Don't worry, guys. The girls would never violate our privacy like that!"

“Um…well…Koopie Koo might. But I don’t think she could fit through that air vent,” admitted Koops.

Goombella felt the tight embrace relax around her chest and looked up. As Goombella suspected, Vivian had grabbed her and pulled her into the safety of the shadows. Breathing hard, Goombella looked around for Ms. Mowz, only for the masked mouse thief to drop noiselessly from the top of the vent. “Ms. Mowz! You almost got us caught! …Wait, how did you do that?”

Ms. Mowz winked. “There’s more than one way to hide in the shadows, dear!” Then, the mouse planted a smooch on Goombella’s cheek, which at Goombella’s tiny size was enough to cover half her face.

Vivian cocked her head to the side. “But, you said the air vent was too narrow for anyone to fit through?”

“Too narrow for anyone else to fit through, except for myself! This was my ace in the hole if any of you naughty girls tried to peep on the boys…without inviting me!”

Vivian hung her head. “You know, I’m starting to think this wasn’t such a good idea. It was fun to joke about with the others, but now I just feel like a heel…”

Ms. Mowz pressed closer to the air vent, and waved to them to join her. “Oh, tut tut! In for a penny, in for a pound!”

Goombella bit her lip. Now that the initial excitement of being bad had worn off, the naked fact that they were invading the boys’ privacy had sucked all the fun out of this little misadventure.

Goombella’s private wrestling match with her conscience was interrupted by Spike’s voice, which rang loud and clear from the room below. “All right, dudes, now that we’re sure no mice are listening in…which of the girls do you think is the cutest?”

A roar of laughter and protests greeted this suggestion. “Spike, are you trying to start an all out brawl?” boomed Gonzales Jr. in his best professional wrestler stage voice.

“The answer is my Koopie-Koo, of course!” chimed in Koops.

“Well, of course that’s your answer, Koops, but how do the rest stack up? What’s their ranking on the cuteness scale?” pressed Spike.

This question was enough to break Koops. “...Um…well…you see…”

“All right, that’s enough *Lakilester*, lay off him!” barked Admiral Bobbery’s voice.

Spike, who hated being reminded that the name on his birth certificate was really “Lakilester,” coughed, before pressing his point. “Come on, Admiral! It’s just a little ice breaker question! And it’s not like you don’t have an answer you’re thinking of! Or do you deny that Bombette is the cutest?”

“Well, of course my Bombette is the cutest, but the point is–”

The boys’ laughter drowned out Admiral Bobbery’s attempt to restore order. Using his best, commanding Navy voice, the Admiral made himself heard over the din. “The point, lads, is that when you get to be my age, you find that twaddle about ranking girls by their appearance gets less and less important!”

Fascinated, Goombella, Vivian, and Ms. Mowz were all drawn back in. Is this what boys actually talked about, when they were sure there were no prying female ears?

Goombario, who was looking terribly flustered, threw aside his journal and stood tall on his bed. “The admiral’s right, guys! We shouldn’t be judging the girls by their physical appearance! It’s what’s inside that counts! Cuteness is less about the way a person looks, and more about…the way they are.” The bedside lamp seemed to illuminate his head like a halo, and his Mario pajamas were practically radiating angelic light. Goombella was fascinated. She had no idea Goombario was such a poetic soul!

The moment was broken when half of the boys keeled over with laughter. Admiral Bobbery and Koops remained stoic, half out of a noble desire to not play the game that all single, uncommitted men play at one point or another, and half relieved to have Goombario be the center of attention instead.

“What? What’s so funny?” asked Goombario, hotly.

Kooper, who knew Goombario better than anyone else, wiped a tear from his eye. “That’s a very chivalrous sentiment, Goombario, but it sounds to me like you have someone in mind. Do tell! Based purely on personality, who do you think is the cutest of the girls?”

Goombario blushed. “What? That’s not what I was trying to get at! I’m not telling you guys–”

Goombario choked as he realized what he’d just admitted. “Not telling us what? That means there’s an answer!” roared Spike.

“Tickle him! Tickle him until he tells us the truth!” hollered Gonzales, Jr.

As some of the boys started up a war-chant of, “Who is she? Who is she?” Vivian bent down to whisper in Goombella’s ear. “...Goombella? We shouldn’t be listening to this! I want to go back.”

Goombella nodded, the temptation to hear Goombario's answer fighting against the pit in her stomach. "You're right, Vivian. We've gone too far already. Come on, Ms. Mowz!"

"Oh, but we're so close! Listen, they're going to make him confess!"

Goombella grabbed Ms. Mowz by the tail. At her small size, Goombella had no chance of carrying the mouse, but she could tug hard enough to pull the mouse's attention away from the air vent opening. "No, it's his private business. Let's–"

As Goombella, Vivian, and Ms. Mowz all turned at once to look down the air vent, a ghost suddenly appeared out of nowhere right in front of them. Lady Bow, covering her face behind her hands, had crept up silently to peep at the boys. Lady Bow lowered her hands and opened her eyes at the precise moment the other three became aware of her, and all four girls screamed, jumping and rolling around in the tightly enclosed space. Ms. Mowz whipped her tail in fright, sending Goombella crashing into the door of the vent.

"Oof!" As Goombella impacted the vent, she felt the wind getting knocked out of her, along with the power of the mini mushroom. With a soft "Poof!" she expanded to her original size!

Goombario fought valiantly to resist the onslaught of tickling, before his resolve finally cracked. "Okay! Okay! Uncle! I give in! I think the cutest girl is–"

SNAP!

Goombella felt the vent give out under her full weight. With a scream, Goombella tumbled into the boys' room, followed by Ms. Mowz, who was dragged along by the tail.

Struggling to get free of Ms. Mowz who had landed on top of her, Goombella lifted her face to find all the boys staring at her.

"...Goombella?" said Goombario.

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Back in the girls' room, Vivian flicked on the light to reveal Goombaria, Bombette, Watt, Madame Flurrie, and Koopie Koo all standing expectantly under the air vent. With a groan, Sushie arose from bed. "Huh? Is it morning already?"

Although it was rather obvious from the guilty expressions on all the girls' faces, Goombella, Vivian, and Ms. Mowz confessed all. Lady Bow sheepishly added her side of the story. With the exception of Sushie, all the girls had laid awake, thinking about ways to carry out the spy mission themselves. After finding three of their number missing, Lady Bow had correctly guessed their plan, and volunteered to scout ahead. The rest had awaited her return below the

air vent. Only Mrs. Sushie, out of the entire group, had been blissfully unaware of the illicit enterprise.

“Well, I promised you girls a spanking, and that’s exactly what I think you should get! What do you boys think?” huffed Mrs. Sushie.

Goombella nodded her head. She tried to catch Goombario’s eye, but couldn’t bear to look at him. “I feel terrible. If it would help you all forgive me, I’d gladly accept a spanking.”

Vivian raised her hand. “Me too. A spanking is the least we deserve.”

Lady Bow had not stopped looking red-faced from the moment they’d been caught red-handed, knowing that she was about to be red-bottomed. “This was all my silly idea in the first place.”

Ms. Mowz was hesitant to volunteer for punishment, but finally sighed in defeat. “Well, I suppose if I had caught one of you boys peeping on us, I’d have spanked you myself. I’ve been a bad girl! Now, who’s going to spank me first?” Ms. Mowz winked at Goombario.

Admiral Bobbery puffed his mustache. “Well, that’s very brave of you all to suggest. Though it seems to me that your co-conspirators should share your fate. Bombette, what do you have to say for yourself?”

Bombette, who was always rose pink, blushed until she was the color of a cherry bomb. “Me? B-but, Admiral! I didn’t peep!”

Bobbery nodded towards the four spies. “But you were complicit. Do you think it’s fair that only these four should be punished?”

Bombette bowed her head, then meekly marched to stand by the other four condemned girls. “No, I don’t. I don’t want to see them punished if I’m not!”

Koopie-Koo fidgeted with her ponytail. “Koops! I totally let you down today.”

Koops blushed madly. “Oh…uh…um…well…”

Koopie-Koo interrupted before Koops could hem and haw any further. “Koops, you know I deserve a good spanking! Now, order me to march my tail over to join the others!”

Koops rubbed his head, bashfully. “Oh…Yeah…You’re right, Koopie-Koo! Er…You deserve a spanking too!”

With that, Koopie-Koo marched dramatically over to join the ranks of the soon-to-be spanked. “Yes, Koops! You’re exactly right! I’ll accept your judgment on the matter.”

Madame Flurrie placed the back of her hand against her forehead dramatically. “Oh! The passion! The courage! It reminds me of my early years in the theater. Many was the time I found myself over the knee of one of my elders due to my own stubbornness! And now, here am I, older and no wiser. I deserve to be spanked most soundly of all, for not having the sense to speak up!”

Goombario looked to his little sister Goombaria. “Goombaria, you know Mom and Dad have given me permission to spank you while taking you on this trip to the Mushroom Kingdom. I think this qualifies.”

Goombaria nodded. “Yes, big brother!”

Sushie put a fin around Watt the Sparkie. “And Watt, you know your parents have given me permission to spank you. I think that one spanking should suffice for you two youngsters…but as for the rest of you! You were all old enough to know better! I propose we let each and every one of the boys take a turn spanking each and every one of you! And I’ll be getting in line myself when they are through!”

Goombella felt a prickle travel from the tips of her toes all the way up to the tip of her ponytail. That meant she was about to face eight spankings in a row! But as she caught Goombario’s eye, Goombella found the courage to answer. “Very well! I’ll accept whatever punishment you boys think is fair…right girls?”

All of the older girls nodded and answered in agreement. Koopie Koo marched straight to Koops and whispered into his ear, and Admiral Bobbery escorted Bombette to one of the beds.

“Ohh! Kooper! Spank me first!” squeaked Ms. Mowz.

Kooper shrugged, before Ms. Mowz leapt eagerly into his muscular arms. “Huh? Okay, sure!”

Ms. Mowz curled her tail into a heart as she whispered into Kooper’s ear. “Spank me hard! You’ll find I’m tough as nails!”

The rest of the girls waited to be claimed.

Gonzales Jr. approached Vivian. “I’m kind of hurt that you’d peep, Vivi. We go way back. You could have just asked to join the guys if you wanted to hang with us!”

Vivian nodded. “I know, Gonzales Jr. I hope you’ll be able to forgive me.”

Gonzales Jr. pumped his fists. “Well, I won’t hold a grudge! I hear spanking is all the rage in professional wrestling these days. Let’s think of it as you helping me practice for my career in the Glitz Pit.”

Vivian chuckled. “Thank you for being so quick to forgive me, Gonzales Jr. Now, let’s get to my spanking!”

Parakarry ushered a blushing Lady Bow up onto a wooden desk, where she lay across his lap, still hiding her face. “Thank you, Parakarry! If I get nervous, I might accidentally disappear! If you find my bottom goes missing, just remind me and I’ll pop right back for you.”

Spike approached Madame Flurrie. “I guess after fighting Huff N. Puff, I have a bit of experience spanking clouds. Metaphorically speaking at least. Never spanked a cloud as pretty as you before!”

Madame Flurrie pulled Spike into a tight embrace, threatening to smother him with her matronly, weather-balloon-sized breasts. “Oh! You tease!”

Goombella realized she was the odd one out. Sooner or later, she knew it would be her turn, but the prospect of watching all her friends get spanked before her was worse than any actual spanking could be. She caught sight of Goombario settling onto a sofa with his sister in tow. As she watched Goombario gently guide his sister into spanking position across his lap, Goombella found her tongue moving of its own accord. “Goombario, would you spank me first?”

Goombario paused and looked up from his sister’s quivering backside. “Well, I don’t want to keep Goombaria waiting forever. Usually, Mom and Dad only give us 100 spankings when we misbehave, so that’s all I was planning to give Goombaria. You could sit next to us, and I’ll take care of you next. Goombaria, do you mind?”

Goombaria seemed to consider this, then nodded her head. “That’s okay! I think it’ll be easier for me to face it if I have another goomba girl by my side. Would you hold my hand, Goombella?”

Goombella leapt up onto the sofa, and took Goombaria’s hand in hers. This gave her a front row seat to watch the brother-sister punishment. Goombas had invisible hands, but were quite capable of holding things, as well as spanking goomba backsides when needed. Goombella felt the young goomba girl clutching to her tightly for courage as her older brother delivered 100 crisp swats. The room was filled with the sights and sounds of eight girls being spanked all at once. Goombella saw Bombette kicking as her pink backside blushed to red after only the first few smacks, and noticed Lady Bow disappear with a shriek, only to reappear blushing with embarrassment and hand Parakarry her fan to use as a spanking implement.

Watt was already bawling as she accepted her 100 spankings from Mrs. Sushie. When Watt accidentally shocked Sushie with her perfectly round, electric bottom, she apologized profusely, before settling back into place. Nervously, Mrs. Sushie continued the spanking, and was pleased to find Watt obediently resisting the urge to electrocute her again.

After Goombario finished delivering the 100th smack, he lifted Goombaria up and sat her next to him. She sniffled and looked up to her big brother. “Sniff! Are you gonna’ tattle on me to Mom and Dad when we get home? They said I’d get another spanking if I caused you any trouble!”

Goombario shook his head. “I won’t tattle on you. One spanking is enough. Go sit with Watt in timeout while we take care of the older girls.”

Goombaria sat next to Watt, who was now sucking on her pacifier to calm herself after having a good cry.

Eager to accept her spanking, Goombella quickly lay in place across Goombario’s lap. “I’m really sorry, by the way. I could tell you went easy on your sister. Please don’t hold back when you spank me.”

Goombario nodded. “I won’t.”

As Goombario raised his invisible hand over Goombella’s bottom, a sudden thought occurred to him. “Huh. That is a mighty cute bottom!”

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The six older girls pressed their noses against the wall. Watt and Goombaria, who had already served their time in timeout witnessing the others’ spankings, were allowed to go to bed, since they were already up well past their bedtimes.

Goombella risked a glance back at her goombutt. Sure enough, it was bright red. Running the gauntlet of 8 spankings had taken its toll on the whole lot of them.

“On behalf of all the girls, I’m very sorry we let you boys down today!” sighed Mrs. Sushie.

Admiral Bobbery shook her fin. “No need to apologize, Mrs. Sushie. You weren’t responsible, and I’d say the girls owned up to it bravely. Frankly, I’m flattered.”

Koopie-Koo turned to address her future husband. “Koops! Remind me of what I’m going to get as soon as we get back to Petalburg!”

Koops strained his memory. “Oh! Right…You’re, uh, gonna’ get another spanking as soon as we get home, Koopie-Koo?”

Koopie-Koo beamed, happy to have a man who was so assertive and take-charge. “Yes, Booopie-Boo.”

Bombette’s fuse started to smoke slightly. “Um, Admiral? Will I be getting another spanking later?”

The Admiral's mustache shivered as he considered this. "Well, I wasn't planning to, Bombette. But are you still feeling guilty?"

Bombette shuffled her feet. "Yes, sir, I am!"

"Very well. In that case, I'll be giving you another spanking tomorrow morning to act as a reminder. After that, you will have been punished enough. Is that understood?"

Bombette nodded, relieved. "Yessir! Thank you, Admiral!"

Ms. Mowz pouted. "Well, now I feel left out!"

Goombario considered the dilemma. "Well, I'm ready to forgive the girls and move on, but I suppose I'd be willing to spank any of you if it will help you forgive yourselves."

All the girls nodded their heads. Goombella added, "Yeah! In fact, what if we make this a tradition?"

Vivian glanced at Goombella quizzically, before remembering with a start to not leave her position in timeout "What kind of tradition? …Oops! Face against the wall!"

Goombella couldn't contain herself. "What say, from now on, everytime we get together with the boys, we all accept a spanking from them, sort of as a reminder of this day?"

Vivian shivered. "You mean, you want to let them spank us, any time we misbehave, from now on?"

Goombella bobbed her head. "Of course! Or if they just feel like spanking us as a reminder not to peep! What do you think ladies?"

Madame Flurrie hooted. "Oh my! This is just like my days as a star of the stage! There was nothing like a proper spanking to help me forget about stage fright!"

Ms. Mowz curled her tail. "I'm only sorry I didn't think of it first. I'm all for it."

Vivian felt the fiery tingle across her bottom. "...Can we ask Mario to join?"

Mrs. Sushie giggled. "Oh my, now I'm feeling left out! I'll have to ask Mr. Sushie to join next time! Boys? What do you say?"

The boys loved the idea. And so, from then on, Goombella and her friends were spanked as often as they wanted one, or needed one.

The End